

The Historie of

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistress Quickly*? how do thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou *Jacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Armes, and had my pocket pickt, this house is a rude bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, *Jacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pound a pease, and a scale Ring of my grandfather.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule indur'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Womanhood, Mayd Marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Hof.* Say, What thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hof.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

*Hof.* Say, What beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fal.* What Beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir John*? Why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? there's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Hof.* I thou art an vnjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayest true *Hofesse*, and hee flaunders thee most grosely.

*Hof.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

Henry the f

You ought him a thousand pound

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a th

*Fal.* A thousand pound *Hal*?

Million; thou owest me thy loue

*Hof.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald cudggell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardol*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir John*, you say

*Fal.* Yea, if he sayd my Ring.

*Prin.* I say tis Copper: darst thou

*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou knowest but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee Lyons whelpe.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lion

*Fal.* The King himselfe, is to thou thinke he feare thee, as I fea pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would

But sirra, there's no roome for Eas bosome of thine; it is all fild vp Charge an honest woman with p horeson impudent imbostrascall pocket, but tauerne reckonings, fcs, and one poore peniworth of long-winded: if thy pocket wries but these, I am a villaine; and will not pocket vp wrong: art thou

*Fal.* Doeest thou heare *Hal*? the cencie, *Adam* fell: & what should daies of villany? thou seest, I liue & theforemore frailty You confesse

*Prin.* It appeares so by the sto

*Fal.* *Hofesse*, I forgie thee: g thy Husband, looke to thy Serua shalt find me tractable to any ho pacified still: nay, I prethee be g Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court that answered?